

# GRAPHIC

Vol. XXII. No. 5

Los Angeles, Cal., March 4, 1905

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# GRAPHIC

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## Matters of Moment

### School Books and Socialism.

"The Tidings", the admirably edited organ of the Catholic church in Southern California, endorses as "excellent" the Times's position on the proposed constitutional amendment authorizing the publication and distribution of free text-books for the public schools. "The Tidings" would have remained on stronger ground if it had confined itself to the natural argument on its own behalf that it would be an injustice to taxpayers of the Catholic Church who maintain their own separate schools. Such a plea is at least worthy of patient consideration, although the major question of the fundamental principle of public schools, which ignores all questions of religious sect, invalidates the argument.

Furthermore, "The Tidings" would have gained ground had it elaborated and been able to prove its contention that "the aim of all these measures is 'graft'", that with free text books "there will be no restraint on the host of political 'grafters'". This would have been an argument which every taxpayer would examine with keen concern. But our Catholic contemporary seems to rely on the Times's editorial, the main "argument" of which is that the free text-book idea is "a piece of arrant demogogy"; that "its socialistic tendency is so apparent as to admit of no doubt"; that it is "a step toward communism" and that "we cannot afford to establish our school system upon a socialistic basis." Huh! But one should be grateful that the Times refrained from calling it anarchy!

It will be difficult for the ordinary mind to discover any trace of logic in the Times's contention that the providing of free text books would be "to establish our school system upon a socialistic basis." The school system is already established on the vital principle that every child is entitled to a free education at the expense of the State. The Times may regard that as a "socialistic basis" but it is the American basis. If every child is not receiving a free education but has to purchase school books, sometimes at a considerable expense, then the principle of the American basis—whether socialistic or not in the eyes of the Los Angeles Times—is being violated. "The Tidings" points out that "no child

in the public schools need want for text books. Poor children or their parents have only to state that they cannot afford to buy the books, which are furnished at cost, and these books are supplied to them without any expense". Very true, but what parent, however poor, will submit his child to such a cruelly invidious distinction—to be supplied with books by the State, while other children buy their own? That is not true to the American "basis". Logically, one might contend that it is as much a violation of the principle of free education for the children to have to pay for their books as it would be if they were charged for the benches upon which they sit.

If it is right that every taxpayer, whether he has children or not, should contribute to the support of the public schools, because the importance to the State that every child should receive a free education is recognized, then there should be no stumbling block for the child of the poorest parents. He should be on absolute equality with every other child and should no more be expected to pay for books than for tuition. Either our system of education is free or it is not. To attack the proposed amendment as "socialistic" or "communistic" is obviously as illogical as to apply such epithets to the public school system itself.

"The Tidings" expresses the fear that "there would be a strong probability of its adoption". For our part we are confident that the people would adopt it by an overwhelming majority, not as a "socialistic" or "communistic" but as an American measure. We do not criticize Catholics for their objection to it; as churchmen they would oppose the further strengthening of the public school system, but as good citizens they would submit to it as the will of the majority of the people.

### The Refining Process.

John D. Rockefeller and his colleagues must be very blind if they do not see the handwriting on the wall. Their peculiar sensibilities, however, will best be reached by contraction of their pockets. In the last few weeks Standard Oil stock has shrunk 45 points, representing a loss of \$45,000,000. Of course that is only a few drops in the bucket, since \$590 is still the price for each \$100 of face value. But it is not so long ago that this same stock was sold as high as \$840. The refining process has commenced.

By this time the majority of people are fairly familiar with the methods of the Standard Oil Company, by which it has built the most colossal monopoly in the history of mankind. For a long time it has been obvious that no single man or set of men could compete with the giant. It not only absolutely controls an entire industry but threatens to control the majority of railroads throughout the country, which means that eventually it will control all industries **unless the juggernaut is stopped.** For thirty years with extraordinary arrogance it has corrupted legislatures, defied the law and overridden the constitution. Anyone who has perused even a few pages of Ida Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company"—an extraordinarily accurate array of undisputed facts—knows that such an indictment is more than warranted.

In the trail of the Standard Oil Company's colossal accumulation of wealth and power lie the ruins of

the hopes and fortunes of thousands of men who have striven to fight the monopoly. Nowadays, individuals and small corporations recognize the absolute futility of the contest; they have succumbed to the inevitable. Any oil man of experience in California today will tell you that the sooner the Standard Oil Company has entire control of the distribution the better it will be for the producer. That, surely, is only the voice of desperation.

If the Standard Oil Company is allowed to pursue the path it has ordained for itself it will eventually control the Nation. That is the final contest, the first engagement of which is already precipitated. "Let the Nation own the Trusts" which is the watchword of Wilshire's socialistic magazine, is by no means as terrifying a cry as that of Mr. Rockefeller and his friends—"Let the Trusts Own the Nation."

Kansas leads the van in the campaign of States against the Standard Oil. The bill introduced in Kansas provides for the expenditure of \$400,000 on a refinery to be owned and operated by the State in the interest of the owners of oil wells. That may be Socialism but it appeals to level-headed men as the only method of fighting the monopoly.

The wire between the Times and the Herald is not drawn taut enough. A "special cable" to the Herald last Sunday concerning Bernard Shaw's opinion of Shakespeare was published the same day in the Times as a piece of reprint from the London Express of more than two weeks ago.

### The Mayor and Chief Strohm

To the general regret of the people, who pay the salary of public servants and who are gravely concerned in the efficiency of their service, Thomas Strohm was removed from the head of the fire department. The public and the insurance men, who were convinced of Chief Strohm's efficiency, should know if their confidence in Strohm had been misplaced. His public record as a successful fire fighter had been unexceptionable. Mayor McAleer, in the only statement he has vouchsafed for his insistence in removing Strohm, has insinuated that the ex-fire chief's private record was not unexceptionable. Some people, no doubt, are prepared to accept the mayor's insinuation as good and sufficient reason. Unfortunately the mayor's cause is clouded by the well known fact that he bitterly resented Strohm's opposition to his candidacy for the mayoralty.

The important question, to which it seems the public had a right to expect an answer, is: Did Mayor McAleer insist on Strohm's removal because he was convinced that he was an unfit man for the position or because of personal prejudice and revenge on account of Strohm's ante-election friendship for Snyder?

The Graphic is by no means certain which of the two motives, the one perfectly proper and justifiable and the other improper and unreasonable, inspired the mayor. We do, however, contend that every taxpayer, and particularly those organizations of citizens that protested against Strohm's removal, should be enlightened on the subject. The public have a right to know and it would be to Mayor McAleer's own interest that they should know. A serious blow is dealt at the spirit and practice of civil service if the head of a department is to be

removed because of the personal prejudice of the city's chief executive.

If Mayor McAleer was satisfied that Strohm's character, personal habits, or management were not conducive to the good of the service, it seems to us that in the face of Strohm's refusal to resign, the mayor should have preferred specific charges against him or at least given the public some definite idea of Strohm's shortcomings or misdeeds. Such action would have been more just to Strohm, to the public and to the mayor himself.

Under existing conditions, the man in the street does not know why Chief Strohm whom he believed to be a thoroughly efficient fire-fighter was removed. At least he has no definite or satisfactory information. The evening papers assured their readers it was a piece of despicable spite-work and entirely unjustifiable. The Times,—whose policy nowadays is always guided by consideration of personal power instead of public welfare,—in its anxiety "to stand in" with the Mayor regards Strohm's removal with equanimity, and its outgiving is reflected by the Herald, which sagely remarks that "it would not be fair, certainly, to insist on his (the mayor's) accountability, while at the same time hampering him in his best efforts."

The Graphic's watchword is fairness and it certainly has no desire to hamper the mayor. If the removal of Strohm is one of Mayor McAleer's "best efforts" we merely want to know, and believe that all taxpayers have a right to know, *why*. Public anxiety on this subject is not diminished by the fact that one of the commissioners, Clarence A. Miller, who is the most independent member of the board and has no political axes to grind, presented a sole but solid opposition to Strohm's removal.

It is hardly to be expected that Mayor McAleer will at this late date gratify the curiosity of property-owners who pay the bills. They will have to rest content to pay Strohm a pension of \$125 a month, many of them still harboring the conviction that the city has lost an efficient fire-chief.

A Salt Lake paper says that missionaries returning from the east and from Europe report that the people in those sections do not care so much as they used to about religion but invariably ask if there is any chance to make money in Utah.

### Converted

[A vegetarian paper remarks that "it is unnatural to bury the dead in our stomachs."]

It fills my heart with thoughts of gloom  
To think I am a living tomb,  
For how can any man be merry  
That is a walking cemetery?

And since this awful truth I see  
My very teeth appear to me  
(Alas! I am so tender-hearted)  
Like tombstones of the dear departed.

The new frock coat upon my back  
Now justifies its hue of black,  
Since yet my grief is unabated  
For those I have assimilated.

Some wreaths of lettuce every day  
And vegetables I will lap  
Upon their grave in hope such diet  
May keep their restless spirits quiet.

—The Tatler.

## By The Way

### Neither Liberal nor Logical.

"We will all have to make concessions to the other fellow," remarked the Rev. "Bob" Burdette at the opening of the anti-saloon campaign last Sunday. "It is perfectly consistent for a man who drinks in his own home or at his club in a moderate way to take part in this campaign if he wants the saloon to go." The popular preacher was, no doubt, intending to be both liberal and logical in these remarks. But was he? In emphasizing the necessity of harmony for the success of the campaign, Mr. Burdette was evidently anxious to enlist the support of the man who "drinks moderately in his own home or at his club." Does not Mr. Burdette wilfully ignore the trite fact that the saloon, in lieu of anything better, is the poor man's club, and that thousands of men "drink in a moderate way" even in a saloon? The "No Salooners" are beginning at the wrong end of the road. They want to abolish drunkenness, and they imagine that with the abolition of saloons drunkenness will disappear. Why do they not provide some substitute for the man who has not "his own home or his club"? Man is a gregarious animal; he needs the fellowship of his kind. He is not allowed to discuss public questions on the street or in the parks. Whither is he to turn?

### Substitutes for Saloons?

The sooner the "No-Salooners" recognize the fact that alcohol is not the only attraction of the saloons, the greater progress they will make towards their abolition. One working man's club, conducted on liberal and attractive lines, might take the place of five or six saloons. Yet I do not hear of any of the "No-Salooners" preparing to build in place of what they would tear down. And, unfortunately, the majority of such institutions here and elsewhere, have proved unsuccessful because of the illiberality and narrowness of those who control them. One good man on the board of directors of a coffee tavern has almost as virulent an objection to tobacco as beer; therefore smoking is barred. Another good man thinks that the game of billiards is an invention of the evil one; and a third cries anathema at the sight of playing cards. And so it happens that the lines are drawn so tightly in such institutions that the first impression a man gains on entering one of them is the loss of personal liberty.

### Individual Liberty.

This idea of personal liberty is indeed the keynote of the whole question—saloons or no saloons, as of all other questions affecting the freedom of will of the individual. It is nobody else's business if I find it conducive to my health and comfort to drink a glass of beer with my lunch in my own home or at my club. Why then should it be anybody else's business if the other fellow chooses to drink a glass of beer in a saloon? Always provided that neither you nor I nor the saloon violates the law or becomes a public nuisance. The moment you say "Thou Shalt Not" concerning a question on which a man is convinced of his rights to exercise his own free will, that moment you provide him with an additional incentive for doing what he chooses. The

abolition of saloons will not destroy drunkenness. Anybody knows that this is not mere declamation. It is the sober judgment of ripe experience. **Reforming the Drunkard.**

The drunkard will not be cured of drunkenness by the closing of the 200 saloons in Los Angeles. If he cannot get comparatively wholesome liquor in a saloon he will find an inferior article elsewhere. If he cannot find ordinary alcoholic beverages he will satisfy his craving for stimulants by drinking cooking essence, patent medicine, or sauces, which will make him equally drunk and the sooner destroy mind and body. Drunkenness is a gross immorality that must be cured by reason. I venture to say that Francis Murphy by his appeals to men's reason, by his reaching their minds and their hearts, has done more to cure drunkenness in this city than the whole pack of Prohibitionists who would deny others what they do not want themselves. Teach men that they are better without alcoholic stimulants, convince them of the terrible retribution for indulgence, and you will destroy their desire to drink. Interfere with their ideas of personal liberty, forbid them to drink, and you will increase their desire to drink.

### Less Immoral.

I do not enter a saloon half a dozen times in a twelvemonth, yet I believe the majority of the Los Angeles saloons are decently conducted. The few violations of the stringent laws supply the best evidence that this contention is well founded. But the most heinous offense of a saloonkeeper is to serve a man with liquor who has already been supplied with more than he can take care of. Too drastic an example could not not be made of the saloonkeeper who thus wilfully encourages drunkenness. But in ten years I do not remember a saloonkeeper being disciplined by the police commission—the only discipline should be a loss of license—for serving a drunken man. It would be far more important for the welfare of the community if the police could arrest the saloonkeeper who served the last drink to the drunken man than the drunken man himself. And it would not require a vast amount of ingenuity on the part of the police to discover where a man had been made drunk. In fine, I am heartily in favor of the strictest regulation of saloons. I am not in favor of their abolition, because I do not believe that their abolition would destroy or even diminish drunkenness, and I am convinced that a strictly regulated liquor traffic is less of an immorality than the encouragement of an illegal traffic, which Prohibition would undoubtedly mean.

"If a coat of paint is applied to a man's body," said the scientific boarder, "he will die within a few hours."

"It doesn't seem plausible," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "when you take into consideration that an occasional coat of whitewash is necessary to keep some politicians from becoming dead ones."—Chicago Daily News.

### Character of the Board.

People know just where to place the fire board after this. Those who took "orders" from the Mayor were Lester Robinson, Walter Wren and Martin Betkowski. Mr. Lester Robinson is a follower of the Otis hyphenated political alliance. Mr. Walter Wren nobody ever heard of politically until McAleer appointed him. Mr. Martin Betkowski is a

fourth-rate political boss, who holds down a portion of the Democratic push in the Seventh Ward. He is an admirably qualified citizen to aid in just such deals as that which the Mayor has consummated.

#### The Fly in the Ointment.

The fly in the ointment did not show until the morning of Chief Strohm's decapitation. The Times then published an article in a border—a "box," a "freak," the newspaper technician calls it—an article, evidently inspired, which explained that Chief Strohm was to go because he drank, insinuating besides that there were moral reasons. The Times, on Sunday morning, gloatingly announced that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and the Municipal League were not represented at the execution, the inference, of course, being that these bodies had deserted Strohm's cause. The truth is, that the fire board held a back-alley session for over an hour on Saturday morning, and that while this secret pow-wow was in progress delegation after delegation of representative citizens appeared at the city hall. They were met by Strohm, who told them that it was no use to stay. The program was even then being given its final touches.

#### What We Had.

It seems to me that Mayor McAleer's "moral considerations" have evaporated. I don't think Tom Strohm ever denied that he takes an occasional drink. I have yet to hear that a successful Sunday-school superintendent is necessarily qualified to be a fireman. The best fire-fighter I ever knew drank more in a day than Strohm ever did in a week. His name was David Scannell, chief of the San Francisco fire department. No man ever saw Strohm unable to direct a fire department and direct it well. His competency was never questioned and cannot be. I have seen a number of fire departments work, but about the best exhibition I ever saw was the night the Western Wholesale Drug Company's Main street establishment was in flames. A boy can handle a petty fire in a shed, but it takes a man to look after a big fire.

#### What We Have.

We have a new chief, Walter Lipps, a gentleman who has spent considerable time at his headquarters in the saloon next to the Orpheum, and at least that evens up the drinking "charge" against Strohm. He is also the gentleman who was mixed up in a very nasty mess a short time since—and that more than evens up Mr. McAleer's "moral considerations." I am inclined to go easy on Mr. Lipps, for Mr. McAleer and his pliant tools on the fire board are not going to remove him, and the material interests of the city require that we get the best service there is in him. However, I have mentioned these things about his career because I want to explode the McAleer theory that the city was profiting in "moral considerations" by this change.

#### Municipal League's Progress.

Since the first of January the Municipal League has added one hundred and twenty new names to its membership list, a carefully selected body of citizens who are valuable to the organization not merely for the increased revenue which they bring, but also for the influence which they exert. This brings the

total membership of the League up to nearly four hundred and fifty. As the Chamber of Commerce has over fifteen hundred members, it would seem not at all impossible to bring the total enrollment of the League up to half that number, or to 700 or 800, which would provide an ample revenue for the regular work of the organization and allow some funds to accrue for extra effort in campaign times. The corresponding body in San Francisco, the Merchants' Association, has 2,000 members, with a total income of nearly \$25,000 a year. The Municipal Voters' League in Chicago has no membership, but raises its funds entirely by subscription. It spends considerable sums, almost exclusively in campaigns, leaving the work between elections to be done by two other organizations, to-wit, the Civic Federation and the Law and Order League. All over the country organizations of this character are to be found increasing in size and importance and accomplishing valuable results. This form of habitual campaign against municipal evils is, however, comparatively new, and it is too early as yet to expect the turning of a complete new leaf. The results in Los Angeles up to date are entirely satisfactory and well worth all they have cost in time and energy and money. That the League enjoys a high degree of public confidence is shown by the rapid increase of its membership and the high class of citizens that are gathering to its standard. It is a force that those who wish to continue in political life will do well to reckon with.

#### League's New Directors.

In addition to the change in the presidency of the League from J. O. Koepfli to H. C. Witmer, on which I commented last week, three changes have recently taken place in the personnel of the governing board. C. C. Davis and W. J. Washburn, who were elected into the city government last December, resigned from the League's Committee in consequence, and their places were filled by A. P. Fleming, who so successfully managed the League's campaign for Hanley and the Non-Partisan School Board, and W. H. Booth of L. Booth & Sons. Willis Booth is one of the coterie of younger men that are now recognized as a potent and valuable element in local Republican councils. He is a partisan of the best

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type—which is the non-partisan-in-local-politics-type. It is a good omen for the future that so many young men of good family connection and good business standing are ready to champion the doctrine that the welfare of the city should take precedence over party success. As a matter of fact, the non-partisan standpoint is one that is accepted by nine men out of ten who are posted at all on public matters when they actually come to cast their vote. But it is only in late years that the men who are active in managing the affairs of the party have had the courage to come out in the open and express themselves. The old idea of voting for a yellow dog if he happens to be nominated is going out. The habitual partisan is slow to admit this change in public, but he will always acknowledge it to you in confidence. The third vacancy in the League Committee was occasioned by the resignation of Dr. Haynes, who decided that his permanent service with the Civil Service Board might at some time interfere with his work on the Committee. His place is taken by W. J. Hunsaker, one of the foremost lawyers of the city, a broad-minded man and a high type of citizen. Mr. Hunsaker is attorney for H. G. Otis and H. G. Otis hates the League, losing no opportunity in his paper to make disreputable flings at its secretary, Mr. Willard. I don't know how Mr. Hunsaker's two functions will fit together, but he is a diplomat by nature and I fancy will manage somehow to keep out of trouble at both ends of the line.

#### Improving the Streets.

It certainly looks to the casual observer as though Jim Hanley was doing better work with his \$25,000 a month allowance for the streets than his predecessor managed to do with a sum fifty per cent larger; and he is only just beginning to get his new system in working order. The down town streets were never cleaner than they are today—which is not saying that they are perfectly clean by a good deal, nor will they ever be until they are washed. The new plan of regular street washings is just about to be put into effect. It is slow work and difficult and expensive, and it may not prove practical, but I am glad that we have a man who has the nerve to give it a fair trial. What is needed most of all is an increase of the paved area, especially to cover those streets on the hills from which mud and dust are carried down to the business section.

"I understand," said Miss Minnie Brown, "dat you appeared to be feelin' yoh oats at de pahler social yesterday."  
"Dat wasn't oats," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "dat was rye."—Washington Star.

#### As the Japanese Do.

A valued correspondent writes: "Your editorial note in the *Graphic* touching the itching of zealots to inject their particular brands of sectarian religion or partisan politics into the public schools recalls an article that I have just read in the current 'Nineteenth Century,' 'Teaching in the Public Schools,' which ought to be brought to the attention of every American citizen. The progress—which has been simply wonderful—that the people of Japan have made during the last fifty years, or since their emergence from their immemorial isolation, is due largely, it seems to me, to their complete adoption of the

principles, which have been admirably formulated in an 'Educational Imperial Rescript' by the present Emperor, portions of which the article referred to quotes. The Japanese people require **Morals** to be taught in all their institutions of education, but wisely leave religion to be taught in the family. In this respect our people would do well to follow their example. You will agree with me that Japan furnishes a most effective, concrete example of the value of officially teaching morals, patriotism, virtue, honesty, sincerity, etc., on which all classes are agreed, and leave, as the Japanese do, the inculcation of religion exclusively to the family. The compulsory reading of the Bible in the public schools would be only opening Pandora's box, for the multiplicity of religious beliefs among the taxpayers would cause 'Rome' and 'all the regions round about' to raise one great 'howl'!"

#### A Pestiferous Tribe.

Several members of the pestiferous tribe of anonymous letter writers may have felt their white livers trouble them when the Examiner started a campaign in their pursuit. But it seems to me that the attention paid them in the columns of the Examiner was unworthy, because no sensible man or woman will pay any attention to them whatever. It is true that the recipient of an anonymous letter may experience the same annoyance that he feels when his olfactory nerves are confronted by a sewer, but he can more easily rid himself of the former nuisance. Some months ago I supplied the best prescription to save annoyance and to thwart the design of the anonymous letter writer. If you receive a letter in a handwriting with which you are not familiar, immediately examine the signature. If there is no signature, immediately cast the letter away from you as you would a piece of garbage. Thus you will save yourself the annoyance that the cowardly enemy prepared for you. The woman who has been annoying residents of Chester Place with scurrilous epistles was not clever enough to disguise her identity; and she has earned for herself complete social ostracism. The woman who tried to destroy the peace and happiness of the home of the Rev. B. W. R. Tayler, while rector of St. John's, was also easily identified and has been in the hell of everybody's contempt ever since. The business of anonymous letter writing is not only despicable but dangerous.

#### Commander Louis's Sad Case.

Pity the sorrows of Commander E. J. Louis of the State Naval Militia and his fellow sufferers, whose uniforms are so handsome that they are adopted as models by humbler personages. Commander Louis has voiced the woes of himself and comrades in a manifesto to the Legislature, imploring relief by a bill prohibiting bell boys and band men from wearing any uniform resembling that worn by the army or navy. Commander Louis, it appears, who is a comely youth and whose comeliness is enhanced in a handsome uniform, has been mistaken for a bandmaster. Surely it was not Ferullo, for in that case Commander Louis might have felt complimented. But, perhaps, a bell hop at the Lankershim was mistaken for Commander Louis. If so, I do not wonder at the naval militiaman's indignant agitation. Commander Louis's experience must have been painfully unique. Have you ever mistaken a bandmaster for

an army officer, or a bell boy for a midshipman? I must confess that I have never been troubled that way. Commander Louis's case, it seems to me, would be more easily relieved by his adopting some still more distinctive badge, such as a placard of identification across his breast or his back, than by any remedial legislation.

Johnny—Pa, what is hell?

Pa—The vermiform appendix of theology. Many doctors remove it entirely.—New York Sun.

#### At Cross Purposes.

"Please do not confuse the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with the Humane Society" and vice versa forms the gist of several notes and telephone messages that have reached me during the last few days. I do not think I have ever been guilty of this offense, but I must confess that I should be very glad to see the two societies consolidated. At present it seems they are at such cross purposes that when the S. P. C. A. causes the arrest of a Mexican for maltreating a mule the H. S. has to attend to the Mexican's family during his incarceration to prevent them from starving. The two societies dwell side by side in the O. T. Johnson building, but, alas, by no means in brotherly unity. Until their differences are healed the public mind will be suspicious and the public purse irresponsible. Many worthy people are identified with each society, and it will be a great pity if they cannot combine their energies and good works. A reception is to be given for the S. P. C. A. by Mrs. Edward Doheny at 8 Chester Place this (Friday) evening, the reception committee including the names of some of the best known women in town. Is it not possible that some scheme may be inaugurated by these wise ladies so that the two societies, instead of being at cross purposes, should "get together?" This is an age of concentration of effort. The wisdom of combination is universally recognized in business. Why not in charity and philanthropy?

#### Eva Mitchell Cook.

The news of the death of Mrs. Eva Mitchell Cook caused deep sorrow among her hosts of friends in Los Angeles. Mrs. Cook died in New York Saturday, February 21, after an operation for the dread disease of cancer. She was a striking example of a woman who determined to abandon the frivolities and pleasures of society and find definite work of her own in the field of business. She was a woman of much personal charm and indefatigable energy. For some years before her death she was on the staff of L. V. Charlton, the New York impresario at Carnegie Hall, and the last time Mr. Charlton was on the Coast he said to me: "Mrs. Cook is the most valuable 'man' I've ever had with me." Mrs. Cook began her business career as society editor of the Herald ten years or more ago. As she knew, and was liked by, everybody in society her services were of great value. She graduated to the position of musical critic, a position she subsequently filled with distinc-

## The Pianola Piano



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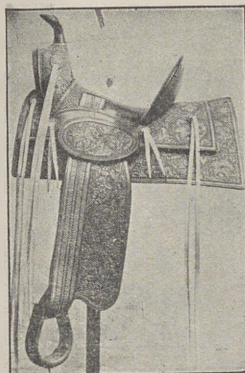
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tion on the Times. When the Lambardi Opera Company drifted up here from Mexico Len Behymer determined to take them "on the road." Mrs. Cook was engaged as press agent, and not only wrote vivid advance notices for the Italian song-birds, but her tact and kind heart were of the greatest service in quelling the riots that so frequently arose among the company, of which Russo and Collamarini, Agostini and Montonari were some of the explosive elements. Mrs. Cook also acted for some time as press agent at the Burbank, and on one occasion attempted the thorny task of superintending the tour of that exceedingly eccentric comedian, Harry Corson Clarke. Then Mrs. Cook, together with her friend, Muriel Irwin, who was another bright woman, went to New York to carve out their own fortunes. Mrs. Cook, as I have said, became Charlton's "right-hand man"; Muriel Irwin, after a brief but unfortunate experience in matrimony, went into the advertising business, in which, at last accounts, she was doing exceedingly well. The memory of Eva Cook will always be treasured by any of those with whom she worked: she was one of the few women who never "fussed" in the local room of a newspaper, who always maintained an even poise, and whose presence was sunshine.

### Keeney as "Father."

When Jim Keeney, the "Sunny Jim" of the real estate business, was police commissioner, many good church people were convinced that he was pretty close to Beelzebub, if not the old gentleman himself. The latest story about Jim Keeney is that he was mistaken for a priest, and this no later than last Sunday. Jim Keeney is selling off an addition called "Sunnyside" somewhere down on the Redondo road and Sunday he went mushroom hunting on his preserves. He accumulated a great quantity of what he supposed were mushrooms and boarded an incoming car late in the afternoon. Showing his "mushrooms" to a friend, he began to descant on mushroom cookery and cooking. A venerable lady occupying the next seat saw the mushrooms. "Father," she said, "if I were you I wouldn't eat them. They are all toadstools." And, do you know, that the lady never realized all the way in that Keeney is pretty far removed from being a priest. The story has leaked out and many men along the street are calling the Sunnyside man "Father."

Madge—What is Miss Fadd doing?

Marjorie—She seems rather undecided as to whether to follow the simple life or take up jiu jitsu exercises.

### Levy's Upper Chamber.

A pretty compliment is to be paid Al Levy by the Sunset Club. In the last half dozen years or so that eminent body has eaten its monthly dinner and enjoyed its post-prandial discussions in the upper chamber of Levy's restaurant. Now, that upper chamber happens to be rather narrow and not too well ventilated for a gathering of fifty or sixty men. But so excellent has been Levy's care of the Sunsetters that they never dreamed of seeking other pastures. That upper chamber and a portrait of "Al," who is the personal friend of every member of the club, are to be immortalized in a book the Sunsetters propose to publish for their private edification as a souvenir of the noctes ambrosianae they have en-

joyed together. Where the "sheep" and the "goats" will be corralled during the demolition of Levy's present quarters has not yet been decided. "Al" is gleefully exhibiting an architect's drawing of the Main street and Third street elevations of the "Levy Cafe" as it is to be when the fall season opens. Al Levy will close his place of business about May 1, and then there will be a rush job in demolishing the buildings and erecting the new restaurant. The place will be reopened just as soon as possible, and Al Levy himself promises that good cooking will be the paramount consideration. The equipment will be especially selected for the restaurant.

#### Children's Instinct.

"Care of the Body" was the subject discussed by the Sunset Club at its meeting last week. Dr. Norman Bridge read the major paper of the evening. He arrived when dinner was half finished, promptly elevated his nostrils and proceeded to open every window in the room. Subsequently he explained that nobody ever "caught cold" by sitting in a draught. It was a popular and altogether absurd fallacy. Indeed, Dr. Bridge recommends his patients to sit in a draught whenever they get a chance. Another interesting and somewhat novel theory broached by the physician was that children should not be urged to wear more clothing than they themselves want to wear. This struck me as rather a radical idea. I have known children who preferred to run around even without girding a G string about their loins. Is the childish instinct always to be regarded as infallible? Certainly not on the question of diet. Because many of the little people if left entirely to their own devices would confine their meals to candies. At the same time I have known a two-year-old baby who showed most remarkable wisdom in selecting her diet. The infant had been ailing since her birth, and nothing prescribed by parent or physician seemed to nourish her adequately. One day she was given surreptitiously by her nurse a few walnuts. She has been almost living—and thriving—on walnuts ever since. Such an instance seems to fortify Dr. Bridge and the Bible in the contention that "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

#### Hygiene and Medicine.

The evening's discussion was rendered the more lively and interesting by the fact that Harry Brook, the "irregular" hygienist of the Sunday Times, engaged in warm but friendly combat with the doctors of medicine, of whom there are a number in the club. "Dr." Brook came armed for bear, his principle ammunition being the criticism of medical practice by eminent physicians themselves. However, he humorously congratulated Dr. Bridge by stating that he couldn't have given a much stronger exposition of hygiene himself, and he was delighted to note that both Dr. Bridge and Dr. Babcock had deplored the abuse of drugs. Brook's arraignment of vaccination and anti-toxin, however, was severely

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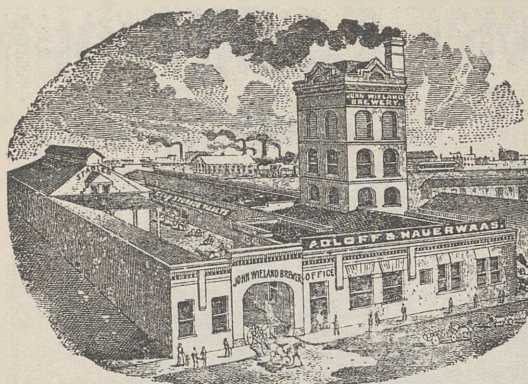


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squelched by Dr. Haynes and Dr. Le Moyne Wells, who had statistics on hand to prove the tremendous decrease in small-pox and diphtheria since their adoption. A charming diversion in the evening's discussion was a paper read by Major Henry T. Lee, full of ripe philosophy and poetic imagery.

### Bathing and Massage.

Dr. Babcock laid special stress in his consideration of the "Care of the Body" on the importance of regular bathing and attention to the health of the skin. He is an advocate of the cold tub before breakfast, but warns novitiates that they should accustom themselves to it gradually. The value of scientific massages for keeping the skin in condition was also emphasized. Although massage is as old as the Odyssey which describes the rubbing and kneading of the heroes on their return from battle, and we know that Alexander the Great employed professional masseurs as early as B. C. 327, the science and value of massage is but dimly understood today. Indeed, its abuse is far more frequent than its use, and in the minds of most people the very word massage has been prostituted. The importance of scientific massage has lately been recognized by the faculty of the California Hospital, who have included in the nurses' curriculum a series of lectures and practical demonstrations by Mr. F. S. Seeley, an expert and scientific masseur, who arrived here lately from Boston, where he had gained a remarkable reputation for his curative work. There are a number of men in Los Angeles who have already benefitted by Mr. Seeley's ministrations, and some remarkable cures, even of paralysis, are reported. The main theory of massage appears to be that the circulation of the blood is increased and the movement of the lymph stream quickened. Functional ability is returned to exhausted muscles by the removal of fatigue products and the induction of a fresh blood supply; local and general nutrition are improved.

First Society Woman—"That's my baby that we just passed."

Second Society Woman—"How could you tell?"

First Society Woman—"I recognized the nurse."—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Sheediana.

If you can make his acquaintance, join Pat Sheedy's Anti-Kuockers' Club. It meets every evening in the Amen corner of the Westminster lobby. Sheedy, as you know, is the most famous gambler of recent times. That is, he *was*, for now he is a patron of art, dealing in paintings. Sheedy knows the world and the men in it as do few men. He has naturally a great mind, which he has cultivated by a long course in the University of Life. Here are a few of his utterances:

Crime is largely a crime of society itself. You never see a man who has thirty thousand dollars committing burglary.

I have a poor impecunious friend whose resources are confined to about three million dollars. Sometimes he goes to Ascot with me and makes a ten-dollar bet. If he wins he doesn't seem happy. If he loses he kicks his shoes off.

When I gave up gambling and became a picture dealer the people in that business thought I had re-

formed. I don't think so. Gamblers have honor as soon take advantage of his confrere as of an out-among themselves, but I find the business man would sider.

Yes, I've read Wagner's "Simple Life" and prefer it to the "pace that kills"; it's a good index to happiness; but there's something more than simple wants needed. Stop and think and tell me what class of people are the happiest—those who have absolute faith. If you go to a six-o'clock mass in a Catholic Church you will see the working people going away from service perfectly happy, their faces radiant with faith and confidence. They have faith—absolute, perfect. Go to the ten-o'clock mass, where a more well-to-do set worship. The radiance is there, perhaps, but as compared with the first congregation it is dim. My philosophy? In petto, it is to boost the boosters and knock the knockers.

Howell—Rowell can't seem to live within his income.

Powell—No, he is one of those unfortunate fellows who has a politician's taste and a statesman's income.

#### After "Sully"?

When E. S. Sullivan, the stalwart and handsome manager of the Standard Oil Company, left Los Angeles for Japan, the mournings of his numerous friends were emphatic. His men friends found relief to their feelings in a series of banquets for "Sully" before his departure. Sullivan is a bachelor, confirmed or otherwise, but this fact did not prevent a number of the fair sex also bemoaning his departure. Among them is a little woman who used to be a familiar figure in the city because of the eccentricity of her appearance, her rather flaring taste in dress, the smartness of the trap in which she used to drive herself and her inseparable companion, a fox terrier. The little woman sighed so much at Sully's departure that her husband—unfortunately, she had a husband—grew weary, and they agreed to separate. Now, the little woman with the big eyes and the peculiar coiffure is telling her friends that she is contemplating "a long journey."

#### Slauson's Latest.

"Deacon" Slauson's appointment to the directorate of the Salt Lake road was no surprise to those who knew his relations with the Huntington family. Years ago C. P. Huntington sent word to the Deacon that he was desired as a director of the Southern Pacific. "I don't know the first thing about rail-roading," he replied. "That doesn't matter," answered C. P. "I know something about that end of it, but what I want is a man on the directorate who will tell me the truth." H. E. Huntington has made the Deacon a director of his lines, and Mr. Harriman saw he could pick no better local man for his interests on the Salt Lake. By the way, although this Grand Old Man has passed his seventy-fifth birthday, "he is as young as he feels"—which is almost skittish.

#### He Can't Kick.

Lee Rose, of Ventura, has been an Ascot visitor this week. Lee takes his racing very comfortably, because he can afford it. Some years ago a friend went to Rose and asked him to join three others in buying a large tract of land. In those days Lee would buy anything to oblige a friend, so he said: "All right, how much do you want from me?" When

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told, he put up the money. Soon one of the partners asked Rose to buy his share, which he did. Then it was planted to English walnuts, and one after another the remaining owners grew tired of the investment and induced Rose to buy them out. After a time he thought he had better see what the property was like, so he took a look at it. It was eating itself up in taxes and Rose decided that he would make something out of it. So he went to work, saw that it was well cared for, and kept mortgages and other pests from it. That speculation into which he went blindly now pays him close on to \$100,000 a year, which is one reason why he doesn't try to kick the roof off the grand stand when he loses a bet. Another reason is that he is not built to kick well. He has never practiced.

#### Greer's Long Strides.

Does anyone know "Billy Greer? He used to be a brakeman on the Southern Pacific. He got mixed

up in Deb's A. R. U. strike, lost his place, went to New York, managed to study law, drifted back to New Mexico, went into the cattle business. Now he's a member of the legislature, worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and stands an excellent chance to be United States Senator if New Mexico ever becomes a State. He owes it all to having been blacklisted by the railway company—to that and to Debs.

#### Dr. Webb and the Switchmen.

Dr. Seward Webb, of the Vanderbilt railways, arrived here on Wednesday in his special train. Last year when he came by some mischance a couple of switchmen at the Arcade depot let an engine jolt his car, with disastrous results to the crockery and delicate woodwork. Mr. Webb at once demanded the discharge of the men, which was granted. He then started for Santa Barbara. The discharged men took the next train, met him and presented their case. By that time his wrath had spent itself, and not only did he send a telegram asking for their replacement, but presented each of them with a twenty-dollar gold piece. The men got their positions back without the loss of a day's time. If some more crockery is not broken by a bumping switch engine before Webb leaves Southern California it will be because switchmen have lost their cunning.

A Riverside paper makes mention of a man who was cured of a long case of pneumonia by falling down stairs. What's that? Not long since a very profane man fell from the sixth story of one of our sky-scrappers, and he has never sworn since.

#### Hotel Advertising.

Even the hotelkeepers are responding to the universal idea of combination of effort and economy in expense. As a result, I believe, of a gathering of the principal hotel men in the State at the Potter two or three months ago, you may now see in many of the leading magazines an omnibus advertisement, describing the advantages of various and rival hostleries. "California," reads one of these catholic ads, "invites you to enjoy her genial climate, unbounded hospitality and luxurious resorts. All the pleasures and invigoration of outdoor life await you at—," and then follows a list of hotels, many of them in the same city, as, for instance, the Lankershim and the Angelus in Los Angeles, the Green, the Raymond and the Maryland at Pasadena. Few hotelmen would care to consider the cost of such advertisement individually, but collectively they can advertise themselves and California to great advantage—and there will still be enough tourists for them all.

#### High Heels.

High-heeled shoes are not in favor with the Ebell Club, writes my club correspondent. When Mrs. Robert J. Burdette addressed the Department of Home section the first of the week she set her seal of disapproval upon the offending French heel, and declared that this was one of the things which contribute to the ill-health of women. Mrs. Burdette thought that women are growing more sensible in matters of dress, and cannot be so easily influenced now as formerly to injure themselves with improper clothing. Most members in the section entertained the same conviction, but one woman demurred, convinced that the feminine mind will be led after the fashion, whether it dictates high heels, or

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the unpretentious kind known as "Common Sense." One of the leading shoe dealers in Los Angeles told me this week that in no previous season had he sold so many French heels, and the question asked by the purchaser is seldom "Are these shoes made in accordance with the requirements of health?" but rather "Are you sure this is the very latest French style?"

#### Prizes for "Yards."

Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, a lady of tireless energy and much ingenuity, who I believe was mainly responsible for the good work of swelling the funds of El Camino Real Association by the bad play "Ramona," has another project on foot. Mrs. Forbes is a member of the Civic League, and that body periodically discusses ways and means of regenerating anything that needs it in our midst. The question of artistic landscape gardening has engaged the League's attention, and the women have lamented the evident lack of knowledge on the part of many who really desire to have beautiful gardens, but who do not know how to produce them. How to stimulate homekeepers to learn more about the proper arrangement of lawns and shrubberies has vexed the souls of the Leaguers. Mrs. Forbes, as usual, comes to the front with a suggestion. She has noted that in other places prizes are offered for the most artistically arranged gardens, and why this plan should not be applied for the present need in Los Angeles she cannot see. Therefore, as soon as she can forget "Ramona," she will superintend a movement for the establishment of artistic gardening. That the effort will be appreciated and the value of Mrs. Forbes's interest acknowledged there is no doubt.

#### For Arbor Day.

The conviction grows among lovers of symmetry that a halt should be called in Los Angeles and time given between strokes of the builder's hammer for consideration of eternal fitness and the final results that are to develop from the frantic individual rush after improvement along every line in the building up of the city. The Civic League is doing much for this cause, and more and more exacting is becoming the work in which it is engaged. Arbor Day, which will be celebrated March 17, will mark a mile-stone in this movement for beauty and consistency of decoration, and plans are being made for much tree planting to be done with a view of beautifying the town.

#### For California Architecture.

The Civic League, never wearying in well doing, will shortly take under advisement styles of architecture that are being used in local buildings, and seek to arouse interest in the development of characteristic California ideas in connection with architecture here. Some time ago much comment was caused by an address which Miss Mary Foy made in regard to appropriate architecture for California. Miss Foy, who is an enthusiast on any cause she espouses, drew attention to the fact that in walking half a dozen blocks one may see nearly every style of architecture under the sun, and that the painful sight of combinations, in which the classical Greek and some nightmare of a modern architect of limited ability are confounded, is not infrequent. Said Miss

J. J. LONERGAN

JOHN KOSTER

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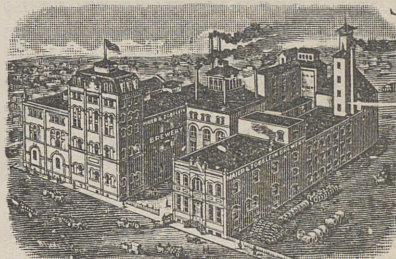
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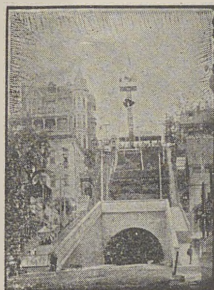
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Foy: "Why should not California have an architecture distinctly her own? Could there be for architectural decoration a design more appropriate in California than the cactus, the yucca, or any of the other plants which belong to this section? Other countries have followed out their own individualities in such matters, and that is why their architecture has lived."

#### Latest in Coiffures.

Men are educated to monstrosities in their wives' costumes by degrees. We might all revolt if the crinoline, the balloon sleeves and the chignon made their appearance simultaneously and without warning. The modistes and their fellow conspirators prepare us gradually, working up to climaxes of fashionable absurdity which accomplish their own undoing. I am glad to know on excellent authority that the protuberant pompadour is no longer the correct thing; that and the balloon sleeve together would have been too much. I am told that the entire aspect of coiffures is to be changed—in fact, has already changed in New York. Only a short time ago the hair lay down over the forehead in a huge fluffy bunch. The pompadour is not to be abandoned entirely, but it is not so prominent and not so lumpy. Instead of the bun or twist there is now the braided coil, coronet fashion, similar to that affected by Queen Victoria. To some styles of beauty it is extremely becoming, and to others most trying. But it is a novelty, and for the present it is to be the fad. Accordingly, it will be generally adopted, whether becoming or hideous, until some other fashion takes its place.

#### Gorky's Last Play.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist and reformer, is still in durance vile, despite the cablegrams addressed to the Czar by litterateurs of New York. His novels "Foma Gordyeeff" and "Orloff and His Wife" in Miss Hapgood's translations, are now having a widespread vogue, but are horrible to read. Gorky was the center of a dramatic scene on the occasion of the premiere in St. Petersburg of a new play by him, "The Rustics," shortly before the bloody Sunday in January. The Journal de St. Petersbourg described the scene as follows: "The piece came to an end in a scene of uproar. After the third act some of the public began to hiss, where-

upon the Gorky enthusiasts, mostly young people, began to applaud vociferously, and called for the author. The curtain was raised, and Gorky appeared alone, his head thrown back, a look of contempt on his countenance, his fists clenched, and his face lividly pale, as if he wished to fling in the face of the people a deadly insult. Fortunately, he had enough strength to control himself, and, appearing twice, maintained his attitude and expression of defiance and supreme contempt."

#### Under the Trolley.

Two of us sat on one side of the car and opposite were two gentlemen we knew, one of whom was doing all the talking; which prompted my friend to say to me quietly:

"Now, you watch those two men. The Major will do all the talking and the Judge won't get in a word edgeways. Do you know, the art of conversation is on the decline? As our friend Grover would say, it is rapidly sinking into innocuous desuetude. Now, the Major is suffering from a disease that takes the form of an exaggerated idea of his own importance. If we were all the same, dialogue would give way entirely to monologue. It is declared that the modern idea, or fad, the development of the individual, is largely responsible for the disease and its effects, this fad being carried to such an extent that every individual thinks he has a right to talk, and nobody wants to listen. See there now, the Judge hasn't got in a word.

"Another contributory cause for this decline in the art of conversation is the fact that the tendency of the age is to grapple with abstruse questions, to affect a mental depth, to despise the ordinary interests and occupations; in short, a foolish inflation of ideas has caused what we generally term small talk to be almost banished. See, not a syllable has the Judge been able to get in. My, but the Major is going it.

"No less an authority than La Bruyere declares that the secret of conversation is not so much in a display of esprit as in giving others a fair opportunity to shine. The trouble seems to be that everybody wants to shine, but nobody wants to give others the opportunity to do so. No one, nowadays, if he possess the gift of gab, like the Major, for instance, seems willing to assume the modest role of listener. See, the Major is warming up, and his hands are going as rapidly as his organs of speech. Gracious!"

Wise ones long ago decided that it isn't safe to predict where a woman's fancy will lead her. To illustrate, not long ago a certain smart photographer who knows womankind slyly whispered that it was quite the proper thing to have one's foot photographed and mentioned one of his patrons, noted for her dainty feet, as having started the fad. And, lo and behold, the world was scarcely a day older before he was besieged with orders from fair clients for pictures of their pretty feet. Consequently in the room of the up-to-date girl you would see, were you accorded the favor, a row of photographs representing the feet of her dearest friends. Some of them, they say, are a match for those of Queen Wilhelmina herself, of whom it is said that so high arched is her instep that a stream of water can flow beneath it without wetting her foot.

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## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

I have just been idling away a foolish ten minutes reading Dorothy Dix's collection of letters in the Examiner as to "Why is married life dull." One inane correspondent announces that it need never be dull, provided the wife may indulge herself in all the pretty clothes she fancies; 'tis that unsatisfied longing for the unattainable that upsets the domestic felicity. Heavens! if a woman could buy all the pretty clothes and things she fancies it would take a Rockefeller's income to pay her bills. The tempting things provided this season for female adornment seem to me to be much more luxurious and attractive than ever before.

As I told you, this is to be a season of silks, silks that may not all rustle and call aloud that they are coming; but silks, nevertheless, in every sort of texture, shade and price. Now, dear, if you know how to pronounce that impossible word "Burlingham" (not spelt like the swell Mateo Club), and ask at the Boston Store in your chestiest tones to see some of the same, you will be shown one of the most fascinating of raw silk mixtures you ever set eyes on. This and another pongee called the 'Rajah' were undergoing a veritable siege at the silk counter yesterday afternoon. The salesmen seemed to be simply snowed under in a bombardment of these new goods. They are exceedingly swell; not like the modest old-time pongee, but heavy, crashy-looking silks, in the most fascinating browns, Parsifal blues, greens, tans and burnt orange. They come 27 inches wide and, no doubt, our smart people will soon be finding married life at all events tolerable, arrayed in a fetching costume of "Le Jungle."



### Distinctly Elegant Suits for Spring-1905

Our proud position in the field of women's outer garments is recognized as far east, west, north and south as people come to Los Angeles to buy. This pinnacle of success has been attained through the merit of our merchandise. Each individual offering is of special importance to someone--perhaps to you. Every qualification of perfect attire is met here; styles are exclusive, quality the highest and the prices unusually low--considering the character of the merchandise.

**Coulter Dry Goods Co.,**  
315-325 S. Broadway

The French store, the Ville De Paris, is also undergoing a silken outbreak and is showing some beautiful new textures in this department. I find that plaids and infinitesimal checks are going to be very much in vogue this season. Some of the tartan plaids I saw used for waists principally were more than attractive, and the true old Highland patterns of your kilted forefathers. An interesting new silk I was shown at the Ville was a shaded Ombre, soft, satiny finish, grading from a dark brown or blue or green to almost white in the center of the width and back again to the dark on the other side. It was pretty and effective, but would require an Amazonian figure to do it justice. Taffetas, silk Poplins, silk Failles and Peau de Seules were thrown before me in tempting array. For really Frenchy silks you cannot beat the "Ville."

The sheer white or cream summer stuffs, with embroidered designs, in mulle, batiste, lawn, swiss, etc., are particularly beautiful this year, but of all the dainty, cool garments I have looked upon up till this present, commend me to the new importation of flowered silk net gowns just being opened up at Coulter's. The daintiest frocks imaginable, all ready to put on, frilled and shirred and ruched, in any and every shade. The material for bodice and sleeves is also ready to fit to the figure, all trimmed and tucked and cut. So they veriest amateur may avoid a dressmaker's bill, if she has even sense enough to sew up a couple of seams, which are left to be made to fit the figure. These fine silken nets, with delicate flower patterns trailing over them, may be worn over colored slips or plain white, and chic and effective though they be are wonderfully moderate in price. You can select a really beautiful one for as low as \$10.50, and ready to slip on for a garden party, reception or evening wear. They range upwards to \$35, according to the amount of fluffy frills, tucks and decorations thereon. Imagine being able to purchase a really beautiful summer gown, fit for any smart function, for a ten-dollar bill! You couldn't begin to buy the silk net under 75 cents a yard. I don't really see how Coulter's can do it at that price, but I, for one, mean to take advantage of such a snap, and you ought to let me send you one, too, for a broiling July day. One requires so many differentiated sorts of garments to get through the long, hot summer comfortably.

Last week I told you about the Forsythe waists that Matheson & Berner are selling such quantities of, did I not? Well, today I went into their store at the corner of Third and Broadway to see if the thing they say is really a fact, that a stout woman may look slender and even graceful in one of these famous tailor-made shirt-waists, and while I was waiting I watched some Eastern people fairly rejoicing over the fact that they had at last discovered a store in town where they sold the newest things in mannish woman's apparel, the wash chamois skin glove. It seems that they are quite the latest necessity for a well-groomed "tailor-made female." They certainly look classe with their one big clasp and heavy raw seams. One of their chief-

est beauties consists in the fact they wash in soap and water as easily as the skin on your lily-white hand. You, who are always racing through the country in a dog cart, ought to order a pair at once. I also saw some charming sets of these new collars and cuffs at this store: wide, flaring, turned-back linen cuffs, open-worked or plain, and turn-over linen coat collars. They, like all the things purchasable in Matheson & Berner's store, are absolutely new and up-to-date, and you can't think how smart and clean they look on a plaid silk or colored shirt-waist.

By the way, the Blackstones, pere et fils, have just returned from the East and have brought with them some perfectly lovely gowns, coats and cloaks from New York. Some of the summer gowns are too cool and tempting to be safe to look upon. They have organdies smothered with lace and tucks, summer silks with wondrous designs in corded ruchings creeping over them, mulles and crepe de chins. One of these latter delighted my aesthetic eye immensely. It was of creamy crepe over a silk drop skirt, and beautifully trimmed with this heavy brown Irish point lace, in girdle, cuffs and yoke, shirring over the shoulders and round the hips—a most effective garment, in which it would be impossible to look other than charming. The Blackstones have a very particularly nice taste in all their importations; someone with an artistic sense must do the buying, as among all the lovely gowns I saw there was not a single one that would appeal in the least to a vulgar or loud person. A darling little rose-strewn mulle frock, with deep flounce and dear old-fashioned tucks, wide girdle and sash, reminded me of the good old summer days when you and I were in our 'teens.

Well, dear, before I say adios I must just tell you of one more gown I saw in the ladies' department of George P. Taylor's most attractive store on Broadway. This beautiful creation was ordered by a coming bride and was quite lovely. Of turquoise blue broadcloth, over accordion-pleated taffeta, drop skirt in the same shade, it was made with three-quarter length tight-fitting coat and circular skirt. The fronts and backs of the coat were most beautifully embroidered in raised chrysanthemums in the same shade of silk, and the latter was, of course, lined in heavy white satin. If the pretty blond bride doesn't look fetching in this costume it won't be the fault of George Taylor and his staff, for they certainly do most beautiful work in his establishment. No more now from your affectionate

LUCILLE.

Figuerola, street, March Second.



## Wedding Stationery

We employ the highest skilled engraving talent, and the result is—Correct Form and Elegance in all orders executed.

It is best to order Wedding Stationery some time in advance.

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## Over The Teacups

The presentation of "Ramona" at the Mason Opera House this week was marked by a large attendance of representatives from the old Spanish families which form links of connection between Los Angeles' romantic past and its present bustle of modern life. On the opening night, theater parties were the order of the evening, and the boxes were full, while whole tiers of seats had been reserved for persons who were entertaining their friends. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Gage had come in from Ocean Park with a party of friends, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Frazier from that place also brought with them a number of guests. Among those who entertained box parties were Col. J. B. Lankershim, Dr. and Mrs. O. S. Barnum, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lummis, Samuel T. Clover, Gail Borden and Dr. and Mrs. Milbank Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark had a party in honor of Miss Irene Bangs, of Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes were there, the latter enjoying, I suspect, the sight of a full house even more than she did the play; and this was pardonable in Mrs. Forbes, since it was largely owing to her efforts that the affair was anticipated with so much favor. Mrs. Forbes is one of the most energetic women in the city, and she has worked indefatigably for the reclaiming of El Camino Real.

That was a delightful affair at the house of Mrs. O. W. Childs on Tuesday afternoon last, the occasion being an informal reception to Mr. David Bispham—between thirty and forty ladies and half a dozen gentlemen having been telephonely-hurried together for that purpose. The honored gentleman must have gone away with a splendid impression of our Los Angeles women, as they were many blends of beauty and much superbness of attire. Conspicuous among the more noticeable ones present were Mrs. C. C. Cole, stately and affable as when the wife of a United States Senator in Washington thirty odd years ago;

## Smart Shoes

We have already received a great many of the new Spring models in Spring footwear. Some of them are so decidedly new that you can't begin to appreciate them unless you come and inspect.

Our favorite style is a nut brown Oxford at \$3.50.



**Innes Shoe Co.**

258 S. Broadway 231 W. Third

Mrs. John P. Jones, just as vivacious and charming as when as Georgie Sullivan she was a star in San Francisco society—well, we won't say how many years ago; the sunshiny and pretty Mrs. Carlos Jones, she of the beautiful voice, but who could not be prevailed upon to sing on this occasion—well, it was almost too warm for singing on this occasion; Mrs. Foster, in a black gauzy lace, looking like a Juno in evening attire; Mrs. Wedemeyer, just from New York, looking compactly and happy, and her daughter, Mrs. Griffith, as smiling as a cup of Bohea; Mrs. Gorham, whose radiance and youthfulness must be attributed to the balsamic breezes that come into Santa Monica from far-off Cathay; Mrs. Ed. Silent, always agreeable and attractive; Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, always dainty, girl-like and ingenuous; Mrs. Frank Hicks, with those matchless eyes that speak not in parables; Mrs. Dixon, from Montana, which must have a Rue de la Paix of its own, judging from the tout ensemble of this fair daughter of Kentucky transplanted into the Rockies, and Miss Thomas, about eighteen, a rosebud also from where Alpine flowers grow, a most fairy-like specimen of Montana's most bewitching offerings; Miss Gordon, from St. Paul, where the mercury is 20 below zero, and enervated here when the bulb coquets at 60 in the shadows of the California hospital—but again in great glee and a most sparkling young woman; Mrs. Plater, looking as if she and good fare and good health were triplets, and her niece, Miss Waddilove, a pink of agreeableness and fetching manners; Mrs. Cordenio Severance, not an habitue, but so affable and attractive as to easily have passed off for a Los Angeles woman; and a number of others that space does not permit us to particularize. To be sure, Mrs. Childs was an ideal hostess, and her daughter is a subaltern excellently well trained. There were four or five gentlemen present, but these were as opaque bodies within such an effulgent galaxy of Los Angeles's society stars.

Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst was one of this week's hostesses, giving a large luncheon in the Woman's Club house Wednesday. Assisting her were Meses. Sumner P. Hunt, John J. Byrne, Joseph Sartori, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., J. W. McKinley, Benjamin L. Harding, S. S. Salisbury, Fred A. Walton, Willoughby Rodman and Enoch Knight. Mrs. Tolhurst is giving much more attention to social matters than formerly, and this makes up to some extent in the minds of her friends for the fact that she has positively refused perpetuated prominence in the management of the Friday Morning Club. It is the belief of those who think they know that Mrs. Tolhurst would have been kept permanently in the presidency of the club had she not finally rebelled and asked her fellow members to consider the presence of other competent persons in the organization.

It is not probably that society will be bidden to the marriage of Miss Lillian Dowling and Dr. Titian J. Coffey this year. When the engagement announcement was made it was believed that the wedding would be in the near future, but hardly had the news become known before Miss Dowling was seized with illness, which has lingered and made her an invalid for the present. I learn that she is slowly regaining health, but it must be some time before she can fully recover, and the marriage is indefinitely postponed. Dr. Dowling, who is devoted to his

daughter, is living in Pasadena chiefly because her health improves more rapidly there than in Los Angeles. It may be that he and Miss Dowling will go to New York before she is married, and in any case it is the doctor's intention to pass much of his time on the Atlantic coast, now that he is about to be freed from his responsibilities as rector of Christ Church. While a strong effort was made to keep quiet for the present the identity of Dr. Dowling's probable successor, it has leaked out that the Rev. Baker P. Lee, of Lexington, Ky., is the man. It is believed that Dean Lee, who is one of the strongest Episcopal clergymen in the country, will accept the call. He is a personal friend of Dr. Dowling.

Rehearsals are now going steadily forward for the coming rendition of the oratorio, "Elijah," by the Los Angeles Choral Society, under the directorship of Professor Julius Albert Jahn. The members promise that the presentation of the "Elijah" will undoubtedly be given in a more finished manner than the "Messiah." There is still room for forty or fifty additional singers.

Ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins, of Chicago, is at the Angelus Hotel, and with him are John McCarthy and Roger C. Sullivan, two of the best-known politicians of the East. Mme. Cantaczna, of Russia, is another distinguished personage at the Angelus just now, and the house is entertaining sixty excursionists from Pennsylvania, the party including some of the wealthiest families of Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania cities.

The management of the Hotel Lankershim is setting a new pace in looking after the entertainment of its guests. Tally-ho parties, horseback rides, automobile jaunts and theater parties are constantly organized, and prove a most popular feature of the new hostelry. Col. Lankershim took a second party to "Ramona" Tuesday evening, including Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker of Salt Lake City, Mrs. E. J. Boardman and Miss Emma Gardner. The Lankershim is also becoming a favorite place for entertaining. Mrs. R. B. Young is to give a luncheon and reception there March 7 for the Ruskin Art Club, and March 10, in the evening, the Southern California Women's Press Club will give its annual dinner there. March 10 has also been fixed as the date for the Conservative Life Company's banquet. Among notable guests at the hotel just now is Kate Sanborn, the writer, who has registered from New York.

Miss Eva Metcalf is to be the guest of Mrs. Thomas M. Spofford at Pasadena for the remainder of the season. The Spoffords are from Kansas City and came to Pasadena for the winter, Miss Spofford accompanying her mother. Miss Metcalf, who also hails from Kansas City, has been a guest at the Erasmus Wilson home in Chester Place since the latter part of the year. Last Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Wilson gave a dancing party in her honor.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has been accepting a few invitations since her return from abroad, and her friends are giving her a hearty welcome home. She was here a fortnight before the fact was generally known and the time was spent in resting after the long trip.

Then the newspapers discovered her, and her day of rest was over.

Miss Phila Johnson is among those who recently returned from abroad. Miss Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, and soon after her graduation from Smith College she and her sisters, the Misses Ray and Virginia, went to Europe. The others did not return with Miss Phila, but will be here probably before autumn.

More than one sigh of regret follows the departure of Miss Mazie Mather for her home in Oakland today. The young woman had been a guest of Major and Mrs. John Norton since last summer, and Los Angeles society had begun to regard her almost as its own. The vivacious brunette has many admirers here and if the rumor be true that she has stolen a heart or two to carry home there is little wonder.

ANASTASIA.

## Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner are spending the week in San Francisco.

Madam Modjeska has been the guest this week of Mrs. J. C. McCoy, of Barnard Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Brown returned to their home in Peru, South America, this week.

Mrs. John B. Miller, of Pasadena, has returned from a visit of several months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Harper are now at home to their friends at 623 Westlake avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street, have returned from Europe.

Mrs. J. E. Keller, of Minneapolis, is the guest of Mrs. F. H. Brooks, 2807 Halldale avenue.

Mrs. Nora McCartney, of 927 Orange street, is entertaining Prof. W. W. Wylie, of Yellowstone Park.

Miss Margaret Wild, of Noblesville, Ind., is the guest of Miss Sada Johnson, of South Hope street.

Mrs. Saul Morris, of San Francisco, is visiting her father, Mr. S. Norton, of 1530 Hoover street.

will be at their Ocean Park cottage during his absence, having leased their Thirtieth street residence.

Mrs. Octavius Morgan, of 819 Westlake avenue, has returned from an Eastern visit of five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting, of Hotel Leighton, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Jones, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brotherton, of 749 Hartford avenue, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Criley, of Kansas City.

E. E. Crandall, formerly of Crandall & Lane, has gone East for several weeks on a business trip. Mrs. Crandall

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Edwards, of Grammercy Place, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Field, of Des Moines, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin Mott will be at home on the third and fourth Fridays in April at 837 South Burlington avenue.

Miss Marguerite Moore, of Magnolia avenue, is visiting Mrs. W. P. Thompson, of El Paso, formerly Miss Ada Dryden, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, of 2306 Figueroa street, and Miss Margaret Sweet, of Buffalo, left Sunday for a visit of several weeks in the North.

Mrs. Rufus H. Herron has returned from Santa Barbara, where she went with her daughter, Miss Edith Herron, to attend the Driscoll-Bacon wedding.

Mrs. James F. Fargo and the Misses Grace and Clara Fargo, of New York, are visiting Mrs. Fargo's mother, Mrs. George Wilson King, of 10 St. James Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Smith have moved into their new home, 1962 West Twenty-second street. Mrs. W. H. Davenport, of San Francisco, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ross Smith.

W. D. Longyear, cashier of the Security Savings Bank, has returned after an absence of ten weeks in New York. He is greatly improved in health as the result of his trip.

Mrs. R. W. Burnham, who was seriously ill for some weeks, is now convalescent. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham have returned from Terminal Island to their residence at 1006 West Twenty-first street.

Mrs. James H. Rollins and Mrs. J. L. Sehon spent the week at Coronado. On her return Mrs. James Rollins will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton B. Rollins, of 700 West Twenty-eighth street.

Senator George Turner, of Spokane, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. W. W. D. Turner, of 758 West Adams street, left this week for Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Turner are entertaining Mrs. John Walsh and daughter, of Bozeman, Mont.

Miss Mazie Mather, who has been the guest of Major and Mrs. John H. Norton, of 834 West Twenty-eighth street, for several months, returns to her home in San Francisco today.

Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, who has been at Mentone for the past two weeks, will remain there until April, when her father, Mr. William Winter, will arrive from New York.

## Receptions, Etc.

February 23.—Mrs. John C. Cline, 958 Bonnie Brae, for Five Hundred Card Club.

February 24.—Mrs. Joseph F. Bumiller, 711 Rampart street; tea for the Misses Boggs, of Lakeport, Cal., and Miss Margaret Wild, of Noblesville, Ind.

February 24.—Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, 1 Chester Place; luncheon.

February 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson, Adams and Scarff streets; dance for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Webber, of Ionia, Mich., and Mrs. David Scott Murray, of Salt Lake.

February 24.—Entre Nous Sorority; reception at Woman's Club house.

February 25.—Miss Marguerite Seymour, 1059 Figueroa street; for Students' Musical Club.

February 25.—Mrs. Otto Sweet, 1817 Harvard Boulevard; at home.

February 25.—Mrs. A. W. Hutton and the Misses Hutton, 1215 South Main street; for Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.

February 25.—Mrs. Ed. Rothe, 1319 Pico street; children's party.

February 25.—Mrs. George A. Caswell, 865 West Twenty-third street, and Mrs. Enoch Knight, 22 Chester Place; luncheon at Woman's Club house.

## Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

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February 25.—Mrs. Charles Jacoby and Miss Irma Jacoby, 735 South Hope street; theater party for Miss Etta Jacoby.

February 25.—Mme. Caroline M. Severance, 806 West Adams street; for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Cordenio Severance, of St. Paul, and Miss Lee, of Boston.

February 25.—Mrs. A. B. McCutchen, 213 North Soto street; luncheon at California Club for Mrs. Edward Miles, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Brady, of New York.

February 27.—Mrs. Robert J. Burdette; for California Alumni of Alpha Phi Sorority at Broadway Van Nuys.

February 27.—Mid-winter Assembly; dance at Kramer's.

February 27.—Mrs. Walter Barnwell, 645 Rampart street; tea for the Misses Boggs and Miss Wild.

February 27.—Mrs. Charles T. Whitney and Miss Marie Mullen, Hotel Coronado; for Miss McHenry and Miss Hull.

February 27.—Mrs. S. R. Bonne, 507 West Adams street; tea.

February 27.—Daughters of Christ Church, 1800 South Flower street; shower for Miss Olive Prescott.

February 27.—Mrs. John H. Norton, 834 West Twenty-eighth street; tea for Miss Mazie Mather.

February 28.—Mrs. O. W. Childs, West Twenty-eighth street; for Mr. David Bispham.

February 28.—Mrs. Boyle Workman, 346 Boyle avenue; for Mrs. R. M. Widney.

February 28.—Mrs. Fred J. Osborn, 1051 South Flower street; for Westlake Duplicate Whist Club.

March 1.—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffith, 2713 Severance street; trolley party and dinner at Casa Verdugo, Glendale, for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Campbell, of London, England.

March 1.—Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst; luncheon at Woman's Club house.

March 1.—Miss Bird Chanslor; lunch at California Club for Miss Mazie Mather.

March 1.—Mrs. C. B. Tufford, 920 West Eleventh street; for Harmony Whist Club.

March 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Chapman, Soto street; for Five Hundred Club.

March 1.—Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, 7 Chester Place; dance for Miss Eva Metcalf.

March 1.—Concordia Club; card party.

March 1.—Mrs. D. Burkhalter, 2309 Scarff street; for Wednesday Drive Whist Club.

March 1.—Mrs. Albert C. Rockwell, 1916 Western avenue; card party for Mrs. R. C. P. Smith.

March 2.—Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Burton E. Green and Miss Huston Bishop; luncheon at Country Club.

March 2.—Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, 1445 West Sixth street; "Five Hundred" party.

March 2.—Mrs. H. R. Boynton, 1925 Figueroa street; for Mrs. Charles L. Ives, of New Haven, Conn.

March 2.—Mrs. A. W. Francisco, 2024 Magnolia avenue; box party at Belasco's for Miss Eleanor Tuttle.

March 2.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Q. Story, Altadena; dance at the Valley Hunt Club, Pasadena.

March 2.—Mrs. A. B. McCutchen, 213 North Soto street; luncheon for the Misses Boggs.

March 2.—Miss May Bradshaw and Miss May Huston; shower for Miss Olive Prescott.

March 3.—Mrs. Isabel Cohen, 1429 Portland avenue; for Mrs. Sam Morris, of San Francisco.

March 3.—Mrs. Wedemeyer and Mrs. John T. Griffith, 2713 Severance street; reception at Woman's Club house.

#### *Anastasia's Date Book*

March 4.—Altar Guild of St. Paul's Cathedral; pre-Lenten sale at Hotel Angelus.

March 4.—Mrs. S. S. Salisbury, Hotel Westmoor; for Mrs. W. P. Jeffries and Mrs. H. C. Lee.

March 5.—Mrs. H. Jacoby and Miss Etta Jacoby, 156 West Pico street; at home.

March 6.—Mrs. I. L. Lowman and Miss Sheda Lowman, Hotel Lankershim; at home.

March 6.—Mrs. George Wilson King, 10 St. James Park; for Mrs. James F. Fargo and the Misses Fargo, of New York.

March 6.—Mrs. James B. McMillin, Miss McMillin and Miss Adelaide Bindley, 667 West Twenty-eighth street; bridge party for Mrs. Edward H. Bindley.

March 6.—Mrs. E. P. Clark and the Misses Lucy and Mary Clark, 823 West Twenty-third street; luncheon at Playa del Rey for Miss Gwendolen Laughlin.

March 6.—Mrs. Harry Mewellyn Bixby, 24 St. James Park; at home.

March 7.—Mrs. Frank Griffith, Hotel Hinman; at home.

March 7.—Mrs. Samuel Kingston Lindley, 2627 Menlo avenue; for Mrs. James M. Moore and Mrs. Nelson O. Swift.

March 7.—Mrs. Henry J. Woollacott, 1001 South Burlingame avenue; for Tuesday Evening Club.

March 10 and 17.—Mrs. T. Louis, Miss Louis, 669 Westlake avenue; at home.

March 15.—Jonathan Club; house-warming reception.

March 22 and 29.—Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., and Miss Gwendolen Laughlin, 666 West Adams street; at home.

#### *Recent Weddings*

March 1.—Mrs. Joseph Muir to Miss Ethel Caroline Fitch, at Rancho La Vista, Highland.

#### *Approaching Weddings*

March 7.—Mr. Otto Weid to Miss Eleanor Tuttle.

March 7.—Mr. John Colburn Graves to Miss Mary Josephine Strait, at St. John's.

March 22.—Dr. W. H. Hall, of Butte, Mont., to Mrs. Purdon Smith-Miller, at 333 West Twenty-eighth street.

March 27.—Mr. Herbert E. Hamilton to Miss Echo Miller, at 839½ South Grand avenue.

April 26.—Mr. Paul Burks to Miss Stella Bumiller, in Christ Church.

#### *Engagements.*

Mr. Percival Glen Winnet to Miss Helen Hutton.

Mr. Edmund D. North to Miss Esther Meikljohn, of Butte, Mont.



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## On the Stage and Off

"Ramona?" Were you a martyr? Did you lose your supper and your last car Monday night in patience and tribulation awaiting the precipitated climax of the ninth scene at 12:25 a. m.? If so, perhaps it might give you some heartfelt relief were I to record my impressions of the performance: but, after mature consideration, I have determined to refrain. Regard for the sensibilities of Miss Virginia Calhoun and respect for the Camino Real project dry up my pen. But the patience of Monday evening's audience was one of the most sublime instances of Christian heroism combined with California patriotism imaginable. There is only one thing to do with the play of "Ramona"; disembowel it and dismember it so that only the head and heart remain. Give the remnants to Fitzgerald Murphy and let him struggle with the problem of constructing dramatic order out of chaos. I suggest Mr. Murphy for post-mortem proceedings because he was identified with the production—though only as press agent; also, because he is the intrepid playwright who took the Bayreuth sanctified opera of "Parsifal" and reduced it to a mediocre melodrama.

By long odds the most interesting production at the local theaters this week is that of Henry Arthur Jones's powerful drama "Judah" by the Belasco Stock Company. It is refreshing to find a stock company nowadays essaying such serious work as "Judah," and it is still more encouraging to find it received with such grateful interest as has distinguished the Belasco audience this week. The leading players of the company rise to their work with a zeal that expresses their satisfaction with studies that are worth while, although I cannot soar to the heights of praise reached by one of the local critics who remarks, "The other players rose far beyond their usual excellence"—which seems to me to be an easier feat in the critic's words than in the players' performances. "Judah," though written fifteen years ago, is quite up-to-date, the mixture of mysticism and charlatanism with which we are all familiar forming the motif. Miss Gardner's Vashti, the young medium, whose psychic power is prostituted by her unscrupulous father, is a sincere and effective portrayal. Mr. Galbraith's impersonation of Judah Llewellyn, the zealot, is not so successful. Mr. Galbraith is too anxious to portray emotion by rapid-fire-double-action method. He reads well, but if he is ever to attain the highest rank in his profession he must learn to depend less on declamation and gesticulation. Tom Oberle, once more, gives an altogether admirable portrait of Vashti's father, the charlatan. There is plenty of most diverting comedy in "Judah," most of which is supplied by Richard Vivian and Fanchon Everhardt. Quite one of the best pieces of work in this commendable performance is done by Howard Scott as Professor Jopp.

The Burbank once more is giving the Grand a race in the production of extreme melodramania. If the "War of Wealth" is a long way below the traditions of Mr. Morosco's theater, the box office receipts are quite satisfactory. And when you have been in the "War of Wealth" you may find it refreshing to go "Through the Breakers" at the Grand.

Lawrance D'Orsay opened a brief engagement Thursday night at the Mason in "The Earl of Pawtucket," a diverting comedy written by Augustus Thomas for the special exploitation of D'Orsay, who was last seen here with Annie Russell as the king in "A Royal Family." Mr. D'Orsay does not have to act as the Earl of Pawtucket; he simply plays himself. There are not many Englishmen left, even in Rotten Row, of the D'Orsay stripe; but Mr. D'Orsay supplies a sufficiently entertaining reminiscence of them. Mary Elizabeth Forbes, formerly of the Neill company, is an attractive figure of Mr. D'Orsay's company, and she is learning to act.

Two clever and daring trick bicyclists, Paulton and Dooley, supply the most sensational feature of the week's bill at the Orpheum. Cole and Johnson, the colored composers and musicians, provide a remarkably interesting "turn," refreshing in its entire difference from the efforts of most of the colored brethren on the Orpheum circuit, mainly because they are musicians and their work is characterized by refinement instead of vulgarity. Robert H. Hodge in the sketch "Troubles of Bill Blithers, Bachelor," is well worth seeing. The fourth of the new turns is furnished by Ford and Wilson in grotesque dancing.

T. Daniel Frawley has returned from his trip around the world with the Frawley company, and is living at the Lambs' Club in New York. He has been selected to act as treasurer for the big benefit to be given Joseph Holland, which is to take place at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this month. Joseph Jefferson has volunteered to make his farewell public appearance on the stage at this performance. It is expected that the box-office receipts will reach \$10,000. Mr. Frawley is considering an offer to star under the direction of a prominent New York manager in a new play by an English author.

There seems little doubt that the coming charity event, in which Madame Modjeska is to be the central figure, will be well attended. The noted actress has offered her services for the presentation of "A Winter's Tale", to be given at the Mason March 6, in the interest of the "Good Shepherd", an institution for the rescue of unfortunate women, which was opened here by Sisters of Mercy from the Catholic church less than a year ago. The indications are that the charitably inclined of all creeds and no creed at all will rally to the support of this movement in which Madame Modjeska is taking the lead. This commendable charity has won the confidence of many by the good work which it represents, and the sisters are seconded in their efforts by an auxiliary made up of representative women. Madame Modjeska generally is present at the auxiliary meetings, and has taken a great interest in them. She wishes to see the Good Samaritan prosper, and believes the cause is one worthy the time and energy she will expend on the coming affair. Bishop Conaty, at whose instance the sisters came here to establish the home, is leading the arrangements for the affair, and he will be assisted by a large committee which will have charge of a reception to be given before the performance the evening of March 6, in the Mason foyer. I see that Dan Murphy has been made chairman of this committee, and the membership includes a long list of men well known in local

professional and business life. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that a majority of these persons are non-Catholic. The institution is non-sectarian in its benefits, and a majority of the women sheltered there do not belong to the Catholic church. Since this is the case, it can readily be seen that the work is one in which all philanthropists of the city can take a ready interest. Madame Modjeska is to appear as "Hermione", and other characters of the play will be sustained by members of the Cumnoek School Dramatic Club.

D'Annunzio's new tragedy, which he read before the Press Society last month in Rome, is called "The Ship." After writing "Jorio's Daughter" D'Annunzio said that his next play would be on a modern subject. Instead of this he has written a play dated in the middle of the sixth century, and placed on the Laguna of Venice. Already at that early period Venice was a free and flourishing nation. An old historian of that time describes Venetians as "owning ships and boldly defying storms by sea and land. They build houses," he says, "like sea bird nests, and separate their lands by rails and dykes. They make mounds of sand on the shore to break the fury of the waves. Poor and rich live in fraternal equality, and they have no vices." They descended from the fugitives, flying from barbaric devastation. It was between 518 and 527 that war fell upon them. The Schiavoni invaded them. They were pirates, and the Venetians' little vessels suffered violence from the Schiavoni, who robbed the people they conquered and made slaves of them. But the Venetians took up arms against them and conquered them, and this was the beginning of the future greatness of Venice. And the symbol of this glorious dawn was "the Ship," which was to bring riches, power, poetry and golden dreams. On his ship the Venetian learned how to be poet, soldier, citizen and patriot. He became a new man, with a new humanity, endowed with an unlimited imagination and heroic force.

Here's a hint for matinee girls—the latest wrinkle from New York:

At a matinee the other day, says the Sun, two women had seats in the orchestra near the aisle. Just as the curtain rose a young girl entered and took the single seat next them. She brought with her a box of candy and an opera glass, and seemed to have settled herself for a pleasant afternoon. But at the end of the first act she got up to go out.

The women, who made way for her, were surprised after a little while to see a different young woman enter and claim the seat. She also had a box of candy, the same, apparently, the first had carried.

But at the end of the second act this girl too rose and asked to pass out. The two women in the end seats again snatched up their belongings to let her pass. Before the curtain went up on the third act a third girl presented herself for the seat, and with the same box of candy.

The explanation was obvious when the three girls were seen together after the show. They had bought a \$2 seat and two \$1 admission tickets. Two stood while each in turn enjoyed the luxury of sitting down. Total saving, \$2.

Religious revivalists, says "the Usher" of the Mirror, go to such lengths of statement sometimes that with self-contained and logical persons they lose even self respect, while the fact that they disgrace the faith they seek to inculcate hinders their work.

A revivalist in Springfield, Mass., recently had the bad taste to assert, without disclosing the source of his information, that the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago "was a manifestation of God's avenging wrath" against the theater, dancing, and other things in which normal human beings indulge with benefit.

This clergyman, or revivalist, was not the first of the cloth to make this amazing statement, but it was not permitted to go unchallenged in Springfield. Isabel Gordon Curtis, in a protesting letter to the Springfield Republican, defended the theater against the attack of this clergyman, who in his frenzied statements showed no regard whatever for mere truth. Her rebuke was all the more effectual, because she at length cited facts which showed that the people of the theater are not a godless, wicked, and unregenerate people, but a profession among whom all the virtues—and particularly self-denial, charity, and human sympathy—are practiced.

The statements of many clergymen, in their ignorance of the stage, made as they are to persons who know something about it, and probably have acquaintance with many in the theater, carry their own refutation.

Here is a remarkable contrast to the fate of Nan Patterson:

Marie Duprey, formerly a member of the Florodora sextet, is now working as a maid in the home of a wealthy resident of Seattle. Since she last appeared with the Florodora company her name has been changed to Mrs. John E. Fuller. Having been deserted by her husband she has preferred housework in earning money for the support of her little son than to making an effort to go back on the stage.

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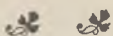
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A STRONG CAST

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The most notable of the new plays produced in New York last week was Henry V. Esmond's "Love and the Man," a drama in five acts, played by Forbes Robertson and his English company at the Knickerbocker. It is the story of an English statesman's struggle between love and ambition and is elaborately staged. The woman is an American wedded to titled impecuniosity. The part of Gerald Wagoneur, the member of Parliament who sacrifices love to ambition, is played by Mr. Robertson. The woman's role is in the hands of Kate Rorke.

Augustus Thomas has dramatized Mr. Pipp of the Gibson cartoons, and the result, the three-act comedy, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," has been produced by Kirke La Shelle. All the characters the cartoons have made famous are in it. The down-trodden Mr. Pipp, the ambitious and effulgent Mrs. Pipp, the two beautiful daughters, the Baron, the Count and the Duke, and all the rest. The story is said to be more substantial and coherent than might be expected from the diaphanous texture of its foundation. Mr. Thomas has even put a spice of the hero into the downtrodden and henpecked person who has made a hundred millions or so in steel and therefore might be expected to come out ahead in the devious paths of social self-seeking into which his wife has dragged him. Digby Bell plays the title role, and the clever actress Kate Denim Wilson the ambitious wife.

A new play by H. A. DuSouchet, who wrote two successful farce comedies, "My Friend from India" and "The Man from Mexico," and then went to sleep so far as Broadway has been concerned, is "Who Goes There?" Its three acts are laid in a boarding house on the outskirts of a military camp, where a regiment of volunteer soldiers bound for Cuba is stationed. The complications are furnished by three romantic young women who have run away from home to marry three of the lieutenants; their parents and guardians, who have pursued them, and a bucolic drug clerk and his sweetheart who are about to be married also.

Grace George in her new play, "Abigail," produced by her husband, William A. Brady, is at the Savoy. Abigail, portrayed by Miss George, is a Massachusetts young woman who goes to New York and takes lodgings in the Bohemian or Latin Quarter, wherever that may be.

## Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Mason. The event of the week will be the presentation Monday evening of "A Winter's Tale," with Madam Modjeska as Hermione. The performance is to be given in aid of the Home of the Good Shepherd, and besides the attraction of Modjeska's genius society will be out in force.

"David Harum" revisits the Mason Monday, March 13, for three nights and a matinee.

Morosco's Burbank. "The Two Orphans" is the only serious rival in longevity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; it will once more be revived by the Burbank Stock Company on Sunday. William Desmond will play the Chevalier and Blanche Hall will enact Kate Claxton's famous role of Louise.

Belasco's. Clyde Fitch's social comedy "The Climbers" will be given for the first time here at popular prices by the stock company Monday evening.

**Orpheum.** At the head of next week's bill will be Bert Howard and Leona Bland in "A Strange Boy"; Howard—weight 185 pounds, height 6 feet 2 inches—is the "Boy," and his appearance in red knickers with blue underpinnings is said to be exceedingly funny. Delmore and Lee, modern acrobats, will introduce their sensation act on the revolving ladder. Josephine Sabel, "the little woman with the big voice," is making her last appearance in vaudeville. Hayes and Healy will appear in a novel comedy creation, "The Clerk and Bellboy," which is said to reach the extreme of the ridiculous. Cole and Johnson, Paulton and Dooley and Ford and Wilson will be retained from this week's bill.

**Grand.** At the Sunday matinee Harry Beresford will present his latest comedy success, "Our New Man." On account of his original comedy methods and the success with which he has portrayed many funny characters Beresford has been christened "that odd fellow," and many critics have spoken of him as the legitimate successor to Sol Smith Russell. In "Our New Man" he is said to have a play which is well adapted to his unusual powers.

#### Stars, et al,

The W. C. T. U. has protested against the performance of "Raffles" in Washington, D. C.

Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian" is one of the forthcoming attractions at the Mason.

The St. Vincent's Dramatic Club gave its first play in the Meyer Hall last night, "The Fool's Revenge."

Francis Wilson has purchased a large farm at Lake Mahopac, and intends to establish a country home there.

Amelia Bingham begins her New York engagement at Wal-lack's Theater next Monday in "Mademoiselle Marni."

Barney Bernard is to appear shortly at the Majestic, San Francisco, in a new play called "The Financier." If the play is a success "Barney" is to be starred.

Ralph Stuart has closed his tour in "By Right of Sword," which was originally produced in Los Angeles, and will begin an engagement as stock star in Portland, Ore., in March.

Hilda Spong has been engaged to play the role of Madge Larrabee in William Gillette's revival of "Sherlock Holmes," which commences at the Empire Theater, New York, next Monday.

Margaret Anglin opens an engagement at the California Theater, San Francisco, March 20. She will open her season in a new emotional drama, "Zira," by J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller. Frank Worthing will be her leading man.

Tree is to try Mrs. Humphrey Ward's play, "Agatha," in London, largely for the sake of the part it gives his daughter, of whom he seems to expect great things. Sooner or later, Eleanor Robson will act it here. Meantime, Mrs. Ward's ambition for the stage grows stronger, and she is drawing a play from her newest novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe."

Forty acres of land in the northeastern part of Denver's suburban region have been purchased for the site of an actors' home, the price being \$20,000. Plans for the building have been submitted to James Neill and other directors, and construction is expected to begin within a few weeks. The estimated cost of the building is \$350,000. Many managers have promised to give toward its fund the receipts from their attractions for one day.

Jack London is collaborating with Ada Lee Bascom on a play having for its story a powerful theme, dealing with a subject new to the stage. While this is Jack London's initial essay at play-writing, Lee Bascom will be remembered as the author of "A Bowery Girl," "Three Men in a Flat" and other plays. Miss Bascom's "A Japanese Bride," an original comedy in three acts, is to be produced at the Majestic Theatre, San Francisco, early in March. It will be an elaborate production, and is exciting much interest, as it is something new both in story and manner of treatment.

## In the Musical World

The toothsome feminine gibelets which my highly imaginative editor dished up so handsomely for me last week were "good stuff" enough, of course, for the average jokist's somewhat pallid digestion, and I enjoyed their piquant flavor fully as much as my innumerable joshing friends very evidently did.

But there is another side to the question—the serious side—and I am not at all sorry that it should have been brought up at so opportune a moment. For, it appears to me, we are face to face with a proposition so preposterous in its absurdity that it seems scarcely credible we can either sit down calmly under it or have the calm assumption to commit it.

Let us take up one phase of this matter for comparatively brief comment—brief because, in the very nature of the case, it were unseemly for me to sit in public judgment upon the published opinions of my brethren of the daily press. But at least one specific point may be made, seeing that the evidence has been forced upon us by the critics themselves.

In commenting upon the various musical events of the past few months professional critical opinion has run to such violently opposite extremes that one can scarce find a resting place for the foot of common-sense, everyday fact. For instance, one writer lauded the Apollo Club "Messiah" to the seventh heaven, while another pretty well consigned it to the nethermost hell. Mr. Jahn's venture in the same field met a like fate. Mr. Heinrich was angel's food

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here and caviare there. Melba was beyond compare and everything she should not have been. And, finally, some of the Savage principals in especial were to one critic the bright particular stars of the constellation, while to others they were scarehead comets—mostly tail.

How can such things be? How is it possible to account for such diametrically opposed convictions except on the hypothesis that one man knows what he is talking about, while the other merely judges by his taste? And, if this is the explanation of the professional critics' divergencies, may it not also be (must it not also be) the explanation of the cool assumption with which the average unprofessional music-lover pronounces his "Yea" or "Nay" and forthwith considers the matter absolutely settled?

But, by what possible crimping and curling of his gray matter can a man bring himself to believe that he has any moral right to affirm that a thing is or is not so when neither the fundamental truths nor the thousand and one technical developments in any sphere of knowledge have formed any part of his life study? In no art or science or practical pursuit apart from music does any sane being claim any such prerogative. He frankly admits "I know what I like, but I do not profess to be a judge."

To illustrate: Let an astronomer, a painter, a sculptor, an engineer, an architect, a connoisseur in wines, a hunter of antiques, a collector of rare coins, a hoarder of old lace, a designer of any one of the multifarious wonders which go to make up the sum of human advancement—let some one of these, I say, call me in to view his discoveries, his treasures, or his creations, as the case may be, and have I the temerity to declare "They are" or "They are not"—this, that, or the other? I trow not.

An unskilled onlooker or an unschooled listener may fairly say "I like it" or "I do not like it," "It appeals to me greatly" or "It does not appeal to me at all," because all such expressions register merely the judgment of taste—and the judgment of taste is the one reed on which the unskilled and unschooled have the right to lean, if in no more than limp insecurity.

In music especially this must be the case for all time, if only by reason of its intangibility. Not to one soul in a thousand is it given to come into touch with the infinite world of melodic and harmonic ingathering which, for want of a better name, we call composition. It seems also that a still more minute

proportion has any sense of either true pitch or perfection of blend. To the great mass of humanity anything that is within hailing distance of a given pitch is good enough for everyday use; nay, more, it is good enough oftentimes to hoop up for rousing encores and crazy curtain calls. If this be true (and God knows it is), how, in the name of everything that is sensible, can untrained professional and unprofessional critics venture to voice their haphazard verdicts?

Let me tell you, dear reader, a few of the things a critic (professional or unprofessional) should be and know. First of all, he should be a born musician, musically gifted in his heritage, a hearer of sounds he cannot as yet grasp. Then should come to him the training and schooling of years of hard study in theory, composition, voice, organ, piano, orchestration, instrumentation. Following upon this there should be practical application of these things in teaching, in church work, with choirs, with choruses, with instrumental forces. With all this there should be the environment of great artistic centers, where everything of the highest and noblest is being absorbed both knowingly and intuitively. Furthermore, there should be an acutely tuned ear, a keen sense of proportion, a rigid demand for purity and refinement, a broad sweep of general knowledge, a sweet reasonableness in instituting comparisons, the power of comprehensive survey, stern impartiality, an absolute contempt for reputations which camp everlastingly on their own ruins, the simple discrimination to let quietly slip by the things which do not matter, the sturdy courage to speak out boldly regarding the men and things which have naught but their bumptious nerve to commend them, the gentleness to lift the worthy and the struggling into the path of recognition—and a score or two of other desiderata in the rightful exercise of the critical faculty.

If we are equipped after this fashion; if we are born and bred musicians; if we are above and beyond the influences of selfishness, jealousy and narrowness; if we know no favoritism and have no personal axes to grind and no local interests to handle gingerly—then, we may speak up in company in all boldness and be unafraid. Otherwise, let us say modestly, "I think so," and be happy in not being so foolish as to mistake our excellent taste for schooled critical knowledge.

Subsequent hearings of the Savage English Grand Opera Company only served to confirm the already expressed opinion that the really capable principals are in a small minority. Playing at the prices customary with this company it is manifestly impossible, of course, to secure and hold a full complement of artists of even second rank. But, while making allowance for salary limitations, it goes without saying that marked improvement could and should be made in the solo quarter—especially in the baritone section. Both Mr. Goff and Mr. Deane fail to meet the exigent demands of their greater roles—chiefly through their insistency in doing grave injustice to their naturally fine voices by the use of the vicious heavy register. Those of us who know and revel in the baritone placement in its clear-cut, ringing, vibrant freedom (the flexible palatal resonance of the Santley-Bispham type) can only view with abhor-

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rence this objectionable hybrid quality which, surely, can only be given way to because of its imagined greater power. And those of us who remember the Pagliacci prologue of Salassa can only frown darkly upon both the Goff interpretation and the audience which can accept it and approve it. With the old Lambardi principals the Savage Company could go anywhere and do anything. But as things are now there is much that is wanting and not a little that could very well be missed.

With the coming of Bispham on Saturday afternoon there shadows forth the promise of better things. Unless this superb singer has turned backward in his artistic flight there is not, and cannot be, a higher exemplar of true tonal beauty or a more eloquent exponent of the myriad subtle phases of interpretation. Mr. Bispham, to my mind, was, and I sincerely hope still is, almost everything a great artist should be; and it is amazing to me that, with such an ensample of both perfection of method and success in its highest and best sense, young singers should insist on mouthing and moulding and covering and crushing and gurgling and gouching until there belches out a Frankenstein monster of a tone that is like nothing either on the earth or above it—whatever there may be below it.

Saturday afternoon is a bad time for the men, undoubtedly; but it is to be hoped that not a man, woman or child who can be at the Simpson at that time will miss the opportunity of hearing the gospel of voice according to Bispham—the gospel of voice of the great singers of all ages.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

#### Notes

The Symphony Orchestra will give its fifth concert of the season at the Mason next Friday afternoon. The symphony is to be Dvorak's Second in D minor. Beethoven's "Consecration of the House" will be given for the first time by the orchestra. Tchaikowsky's "Nutteracker" suite is on the program by special request. The soloist will be Mme. Fannie Francesca, soprano. Mme. Francesca will also give a song recital at the Simpson Auditorium Tuesday evening, March 14. Francesca was formerly prima donna of the Royal Theater, Amsterdam.

Much interest is taken in Peje Storck's forthcoming recital at the Dobinson Auditorium, March 15. Mr. Storck is preparing a program of wide range, from Bach and Beethoven to Greig and Emil Sauer.

Heinrich Conreid, who pays his first visit to the Coast next month with his priceless song-birds, promises that Los Angeles is to hear "Parsifal" in all the scenic, vocal and dramatic glory that made its performances in New York a matter of world-wide regard. The other opera to be given here will be "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Sembrich and Caruso.

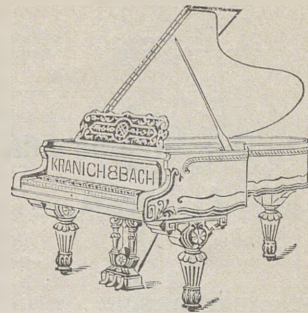
Marquis Ellis's latest song "No Kiss for Me" has been adopted by Eva Bennett of the Silver Slipper company as one of her feature songs. It is taking well.

Mr. Arthur M. Perry, who will be well remembered as one of Mr. Francisco's most artistic pupils, is home for the winter, after some years' of study and practical experience in New York. Mr. Perry may be found at the Dobinson Institute or at 1723 Iowa street.

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## LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK

N. E. corner First and Spring streets

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$800,000.00

Total Resources = = = = \$4,800,000.00

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**State Bank and Trust Co.**

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00

R. I. Rogers, the new cashier of the First National Bank of Pasadena, has entered upon his duties. Mr. Rogers has long had his residence in Pasadena and for that reason he is not a stranger there. When he left the National Bank of California Mr. Rogers was presented a beautiful watch from his fellow workers in the Los Angeles bank, with which he had been connected for fourteen years, who gave the timepiece as a token of their esteem and as a remembrance of the years Mr. Rogers had worked with them.

The Hollywood Savings Bank of Hollywood has received a license to do business. The capital stock will be \$25,000.

At a meeting of the Board of Education of Santa Barbara the matter of changing the locations of the Washington and Jefferson kindergartens was taken up and a committee was appointed to look up suitable sites. An issue of \$50,000 bonds will be voted upon for building two schools and purchasing sites and also for making repairs on present buildings.

**Financial**

A mass meeting of citizens was held recently, including the San Fernando, Morningside and Pacoima school districts. The sentiment of the meeting was in favor of an issue of school bonds of \$18,000; \$15,000 to be expended in the buildings and \$3,000 in the equipment. It was agreed the bonds should run eighteen years and bear 5 per cent.

The City Council of Flagstaff has taken steps towards supplying Flagstaff with water. A movement is on foot to build a large reservoir. The Arizona Lumber and Timber Co. will aid in the enterprise and will take half of the bonds in case they are issued for the work. The capacity will be from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons and cost from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

The bond issue of \$30,000 to build a new pavilion at Long Beach carried by a big majority. On March 15 the question of an issue of \$75,000 for school bonds will be submitted. On March 23 a bond issue of \$30,000 to establish a paid fire department.

School bonds in the sum of \$75,000 have been voted in Bisbee, Ariz., and the school trustees will at once take steps to bring about an issue and sale of bonds, hoping to get at the construction work during the spring.

A meeting of the stockholders of the San Fernando Mission Land Co. will be held at their place of business, 133 North Broadway, Los Angeles, March 23, at which the question of creating a bonded indebtedness of \$400,000 will be voted upon.

The Council of San Diego has voted to include the relaying of the Thirteenth street water main in the Cajon water bonding proposition at the special election. The Council adopted a resolution calling for the general municipal election March 4.

The Bank of Hollywood has been changed from a State institution to the First National Bank of Hollywood, and a trust company has been incorporated with the same officers as the bank. G. W. Hoover is president of both organizations.

A special election has been called at Ventura for April 22 for voting on an issue of \$100,000 for establishment of a municipal water plant, \$25,000 bonds for an electric lighting plant, and \$10,000 for sewer system and for disposition of storm water. It is believed the proposition will carry unanimously.

To meet the growing demand of the business the Ocean Park Bank contemplates making some very extensive improvements. Between \$8,000 and \$10,000 is to be expended in the installation of modern banking fixtures and equipment. When the plans now made are completed the interior of the bank will present a fine appearance.

The Garvalia school district, Los Angeles county, will vote March 18 on a \$2,500 bond issue for enlarging and improving its school building.

Interior banks of California show a high degree of prosperity. A report issued by the State Bank Commission showing the financial condition of 224 country commercial banks shows a total assets and liabilities amounting to \$103,537,369.41. The deposits in these banks amount to \$69,624,124.02. These banks have made a gain in assets since August 4 last

of \$1,864,758.188, and their deposits have increased \$3,494,107.86.

I. W. Hellman has disclosed the terms on which the Wells-Fargo and the Nevada Bank of San Francisco are to be merged. The letter states that "the negotiations between the two banks have resulted in a tentative agreement having for its object such consolidation upon the following terms: The name of the Nevada Bank is to be changed to 'Wells-Fargo Nevada National Bank of San Francisco,' and at the same time the capital of the Nevada National Bank is to be increased from \$3,000,000, divided into 30,000 shares, to \$6,000,000, divided into 60,000 shares, thus leaving 30,000 shares to be disposed of. Before the amalgamation is accomplished there will be divided among the shareholders in the Nevada Bank about \$150,000 in dividends, which will reduce the surplus to \$1,500,000. Of the increase in the number of shares, 20,000 will be delivered to the Wells-Fargo Bank in exchange for \$3,000,000 in cash or securities and the transfer of the business and good will of the absorbed institution. The payment of \$3,000,000 by the Wells-Fargo business will be divided between the surplus of the consolidated business and its capital; \$1,000,000 will be added to the former and \$2,000,000 to the latter. The remaining 10,000 shares will be disposed of to "such parties as will most benefit the bank at a price not less than \$200 per share. This will produce \$2,000,000, one-half of which will be added to the capital and one-half to the reserve." This will make the capital aggregate \$6,000,000; and the surplus \$3,500,000, or a total working capital of \$9,500,000. The present number of directors will be increased by four, making the new directorate fifteen.

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

|                     |         |             |
|---------------------|---------|-------------|
| Capital and Surplus | -       | \$1,250,000 |
| Deposits            | - - - - | 6,000,000   |
| Resources           | - - - - | 8,000,000   |

#### SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

### Dollar Savings Bank & Trust Co.

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND BROADWAY

**CAPITAL \$100,000**

4% Paid on Term Deposits.

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Directors: W. C. Patterson, William Mead, Robert N. Bulla,  
Oscar C. Mueller, C. C. Desmond, Wm. D. Stephens,  
James C. Kays.

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent  
\$2.50 and upward per annum

Open Saturdays from 6:30 to  
8 p. m. to receive Deposits.

Subscribed Capital \$200,000  
Interest Paid on Deposits

Paid Up Capital \$100,000  
Open Saturday Evenings

### Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank

540 S. Broadway, Cor. Mercantile Place

OFFICERS: F. M. Douglass, President; W. Jarvis Barlow, Vice-President; Charles Ewing, Cashier. DIRECTORS: J. A. Graves, I. B. Newton, W. Jarvis Barlow, Edward Strasburg, F. M. Douglass.

Special Facilities for handling the accounts of Ladies and Children. Foreign Exchange and Letters of Credit.

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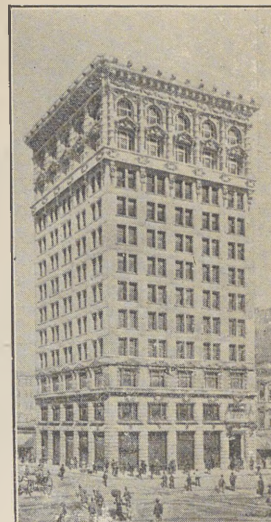
4% interest paid on term deposits

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\$2.00 per year up

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Chas. H. Toll, Cashier; W. D.  
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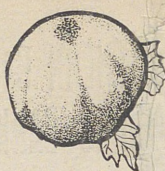
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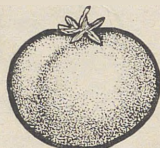
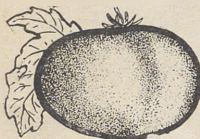
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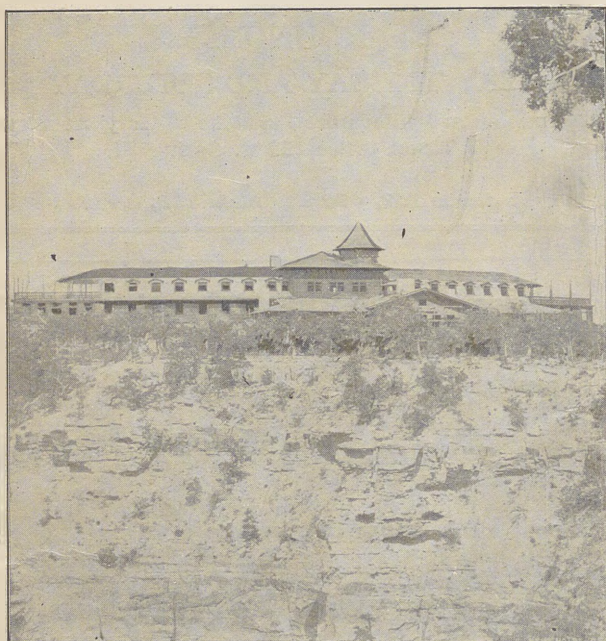
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